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Wagner and Schopenhauer.

(From Concordia, Feb. 26.)

Readers of Mr. Dannreuther's and Dr. Hueffer's volumes on the subject of Herr Wagner's music will be familiar with the name of Schopenhauer, between whose genius and that of Herr Wagner some mysterious affinity is supposed to exist. An instructive and entertaining book has just been published by a very clever and agreeable young writer, Miss Helen Zimmern, on Schopenhauer's life, which, as he lived only for his work, includes some account of his philosophy. Herr Wagner's rather one-sided relations with Schopenhauer are also touched upon; and Miss Zimmern assures us that, according to some of the most fanatical adherents of Herr Wagner, the doctrines of the Wagner-like philosopher must be mastered before the theories of the Schopenhauer-like composer can be perfectly understood. As Miss Zimmern does not name these dangerous zealots—from whose support Herr Wagner himself should pray to be defended—and as she gives us no indication as to their probable numbers, we may hope, for the sake of humanity, that they do not abound, and, above all, that they will not multiply. But, without going to the length of maintaining that Schopenhauer is the necessary precursor and indispensable guide to Wagner's mystic strains, the partisans of Wagnerism hold, very generally, as if at the dictation of the Master, that Schopenhauer and Wagner have much in common; and so convinced would Dr. Hueffer seem to be of the connection between Schopenhauerism and Wagnerism that, in the midst of other labors on behalf of his musical idol, he has undertaken a translation of Schopenhauer's most important work. Lovers of the curious in literature may hope that Dr. Hueffer will publish, with his English version of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, a parallel between the genius of Schopenhauer and that of Herr Wagner. Already, in his "Music of the Future," Dr. Hueffer has pointed out a certain not very strongly-marked likeness between Schopenhauer's attitude towards all previous philosophers with the exception of Kant, and Wagner's attitude towards all previous composers with the exception of Beethoven. But this insignificant Monmouth-cum-Macedon resemblance proves nothing as to the alleged identity of purpose in the philosophical works of Schopenhauer and the musical works of Wagner; nor, whatever fancies may be entertained on the subject, would it be possible to trace the alleged resemblance in plain and definite lines.

It may be complimentary to Herr Wagner, as showing a lively interest in the man, but it is scarcely complimentary to his music, that his admirers should be perpetually looking for its supposed equivalents or analogies in poetry, painting, and philosophy. Often, however, it must be admitted, the unnatural comparisons proceed from the other side. Starting from the assumption that Herr Wagner has discovered new means of musical expression, and that by boldly disregarding received traditions he has been able to extend in various ways the limits of his art, eccentric workers of all kinds proclaim themselves, or are proclaimed by thoughtless friends, the "Wagners" of whatever their particular line may be. We have heard a brilliant novelist, who is not so highly, or rather not so widely appreciated as he ought to be, described on his own authority as the "Wagner of literature." As far as we can divine, the signification of this dubious eulogium is, that the writer to whom it is applied

contrives to give subtle expression to his thoughts by a use of words so happy that it can be compared to nothing less than the use which it is imagined Herr Wagner makes of musical sounds. There is however, more than one "Wagner of literature;" and it is to be observed that the "Wagners of literature" in no way resemble one another. Mr. Browning, perhaps because he is now and then unintelligible, as Herr Wagner is now and then confused, or because he loves to kick over the metrical traces as Herr Wagner takes pleasure in disregarding "the tyranny of the tone family," is sometimes styled "the Wagner of poetry." That unkempt savage, Walt Whitman, is another "Wagner of poetry"—a most unfair designation in this case, though some Wagnerians do not seem so to regard it. Oddly enough, it has never occurred to Herr Wagner himself, in any of his very numerous volumes of history, reminiscences and criticism, to apply to literature the principles of his own musical system. If there could be a "Wagner of literature" one would think that Herr Wagner himself ought to be the man? The meaning, however, of writers who style themselves, or who style others "Wagners of literature," is, of course, that in poetry, or in highly artistic prose, the effects of Herr Wagner's music can be, and are reproduced. The "Wagners of painting" are found where we at least should never have looked for them: among those who were once known as "Pre-Raphaelites," and who, in their early days, undervalued Raphael even as Wagner undervalues Mozart.

We believe that the prose writers, the poets and the painters who are likened to Herr Wagner, have, for the most part, started the idea of the resemblance themselves; whereas in the case of the philosopher Schopenhauer, it is he who is claimed by Herr Wagner and by the Wagnerites in their master's name. Schopenhauer himself was a devoted lover of music, and entertained the highest admiration for Beethoven. But he had also a great liking for the music of Rossini; and Dr. Hueffer, in the before-cited *Music of the Future* has quoted a long and eloquent passage in which Schopenhauer extols Rossini's system of subordinating words to music, and treating the words, in fact, as little more than the index to the musical situation. One cannot but infer from this that Schopenhauer would have cared very little for the Wagnerian method of dramatic composition, in which, theoretically at least, every shade of meaning expressed by the words is followed and intensified by the music. "Beethoven," says Miss Zimmern, "was his favorite composer; and if a symphony of his was followed by the work of another musician, he left the concert-room, rather than allow his pleasure to be distracted. The music of the future he condemned after the first hearing of the *Flying Dutchman*. 'Wagner does not know what music is,' was his verdict; the more interesting, because it happens that Wagner is one of Schopenhauer's most ardent followers, and Wagner's disciples contend that Schopenhauer's theories of music are the only ones that adequately explain their master's idea."

Herr Wagner seems to have made at least one endeavor to convert Schopenhauer to the musical creed which the philosopher is now represented as having really held. "This was followed by a book of Richard Wagner's," writes Schopenhauer, in a letter of the year 1854, "which was not printed for the trade, but only for friends, on beautiful thick paper and neatly bound. It is called *Der Ring der Niebelungen*, and is the first of a series of four

operas which he means to compose some day. I suppose they are to be the real art-work of the future. It seems very phantastic. I have as yet only read the prelude; shall see further on. He sent no letter, only wrote in the book 'with reverence and gratitude.'"

Schopenhauer does remind one of Wagner now and then in the contempt he expresses for contemporaries and rivals. "There is no philosophy," he wrote, "in the period between Kant and myself; only mere university charlatanism. Whoever reads these scribblers has lost so much time as he has spent over them." And again: "I have lifted the veil of truth higher than any mortal before me. But I should like to see the man who could boast of a more miserable set of contemporaries than mine." Haydon wrote in much the same style of contemporary painters. But it would be poor classification to bracket together all intellectual workers who have assigned to themselves the highest eminence, without regard to the opinion of others; and because a man of profound genius like Schopenhauer remained for some time unappreciated, it by no means follows that all writers, painters and musicians, who are not taken at their own valuation, are also men of genius. Herr Wagner has explained, in his own modest way, that by applying Schopenhauer's pessimistic views to operatic performances he has sometimes been able to derive pleasure from the works of his contemporaries. Go, in fact, to hear no matter what opera, expecting to find everything in it detestable, and it is quite possible that you may, here and there, be agreeably surprised. Thus, Herr Wagner may be said to look upon the world of music as Schopenhauer contemplated the "tragedy of existence." But that does not help us to understand the analogy said to exist between the musical system of the one, and the philosophical system of the other. If, however, the prevalent delusion on the subject among Wagnerites induces them to translate Schopenhauer's works, so much the better for English readers. We shall welcome the translation long promised to us of the principal work left by the melancholy philosopher and admirable writer whom the Wagnerites with characteristic audacity claim as their own.

Listening to Music.

A paper under this title was read at the Tonic Sol-fa College meetings, Christmas, 1875, by Mr. W. G. McNAUGHT. Its principal portions were as follows:—

Listening to music, especially of the higher sort, demands so much education, concentrated attention, and power of observation, that to attempt to fully teach it would involve my traversing the whole range of musical art. Of course in the narrow limits of this paper I can do no more than suggest lines of study, and leave such as may be interested to follow out my plans more elaborately. I am convinced that a great many persons affect great interest in music who, whether from cultivation of ear, or from natural incapacity, or from too exclusive familiarity with common music, or from whatever cause, fail to enjoy many of the best things in the finest music. My remarks will take the form of a narration of personal experience of difficulties not yet, I am sorry to say, fully met. But I have derived so much pleasure and profit in pursuing my ideal thus far that I am tempted to try to assist others. Some of you may have already reached the position of the ideal listener, but most of us, I expect,

fairly represent the average listener, and it is to such I address myself, as one of themselves, and not to the cultivated musician.

For many years in my youth I attended the finest musical performances in the metropolis. At first I listened, as I used to think, with due and proper attention; but gradually I became too conscious of the fact that execution and vivid coloring were absorbing nearly all my attention, and when I turned from the Scylla of the score to the Charybdis of the analytical programme, I knew that far too many things were escaping my ears. Later on, when happily brought into contact with men of fine musical culture, possessing the most searching discrimination, I was startled to find that they had the faculty of noticing points and beauties that I strove in vain to catch. I sat through performances with eminent musicians who with extraordinary skill could probe every detail of a complex work, and who afterwards would confound me by remarking on an alarming number of things that had completely eluded my attention. I determined to try to listen more carefully and systematically.

From my study of harmony and composition I knew, of course, that design, form, rhythm, modulation, instrumentation, etc., were elements of any elaborate piece of music, but I had thought that in order to fully appreciate such music it was altogether unnecessary to analyze these elements. Beauty was said to defy analysis, so it appeared to me vain to attempt the task. I innocently thought that the beauties of an orchestral symphony should be as plain to my ear as were to my eye the beauties of a glorious sunset, and inwardly I held it a fault of the composer that it was undoubtedly otherwise. Further, I incontinently insisted on enjoying music that my superiors condemned. After a frank examination I ascertained that indolence or confirmed habit had a larger share in my failure than I was at first willing to admit; for when on many occasions, in the composition class at the Royal Academy of Music and elsewhere, circumstances sharply stimulated my ears, I found myself able to hear things which certainly I did not perceive on other occasions when my natural repugnance to take trouble to listen allowed me to relapse into the old passive way. I thought what an excellent thing it would be musically, whatever the effect morally, if when a young musical student failed to observe a transition of four removes, or that the bassoon doubled the viola, he was severely thrashed for the neglect. I feel sure that many of us would have sharper ears now if we had enjoyed the advantage of some such powerful stimulant in a musical Dotheboys' Hall.

Having at least partially overcome my indolent habit of listening, I examined the necessities of the situation, and found that there were many more worlds to conquer than I had thought. I felt as a young beginner at whist feels when all the rules and recommendations for playing are placed before him. The important truth dawned on me, that in order to succeed I must resolutely ignore a great deal of what there was to hear, so that I might be able to fix my whole attention on some one thing I wished to acquire the habit of observing. For instance, modulation I knew to be one of the most subtle of musical effects. I knew that while one could run and hear a purposely bold, remote modulation, on the other hand, many changes equally remote were made with such masterly insidiousness as to leave the average listener totally unconscious of change of tonality. I found that when practicable it was an immense help to analyze a piece before hearing it. Then it was comparatively easy to follow the course of modulations, and by degrees to individualize the various removes much in the same fashion as we all do the tones of the scale. For instance, the features of a transition of one remove are as distinctly recognizable as the mental effect of the notes *Te* (the seventh of the scale) or *Fah* (the fourth of the scale), and just as with those notes we find

that surroundings modify or intensify their effects, so with transition, let the means or road be ever so various, the change can be traced by its effect. And so with other changes. The effect of a fourth flat remove is as easy or as difficult to observe as are the notes *La* (the flat sixth) and *Ma* (the flat third). Minor keys are far more difficult to trace than major keys. You can tell that you are listening to the minor mode, but its characteristic vagueness and uncertainty render it at times more than difficult to trace its incoming and outgoing.

It is not my intention here to dwell upon all the possible modulations to be looked for. Certain it is that by steadily listening for this one thing I increased my power of observation. I can now wax enthusiastic over a change of five removes that formerly would not have quickened my pulse, for the simple reason that I should have never observed it. And now I was gratified to find that my new power of observation, although apparently engrossing my whole attention, did not shut out my former pleasure; for by some process of unconscious celebration I was able to notice and remember all the things that formerly occupied my whole attention.

Another of the points I found it necessary to set myself to observe specially was the Bass, and I must confess that often this is extremely difficult. I knew full well that unless I could observe the lowest part in the harmony, I must not expect to be able to analyze many other matters implying such observation. It was imperative, therefore, to sacrifice for a time at least the pleasure of noticing more obvious things, in order to concentrate attention on the Bass. It was not always sacrifice, however, for I was doomed—as we all are sometimes—to a forced hearing of the driest of dry-as-dust compositions, and then it was a satisfaction and a relief to know that nothing was lost by listening only to the Bass. Many amateur pianists whom we all meet, whose muscles are as strong as their execution is uncertain, constantly supply us with useful if difficult ear exercises of this kind.

Next I tried to follow chords. I schooled myself, or rather, I should say, was schooled, by playing over and over on the pianoforte a number of the most frequently occurring diatonic and chromatic chords, and in so doing derived the greatest help from Macfarren's "Rudiments," working and playing, with the advantage of the author's help, the numerous exercises contained therein. I am free to confess that I cannot yet analyze by ear all or nearly all the multitude of combinations used in modern music, but it appears to me that every time I strive I grasp some combination more clearly, and only narrowly miss others. Altogether, this chase has been to me a source of the liveliest gratification.

After the same fashion I have tried to observe the instrumentation of a symphony, or the voicing of parts in a choral piece. What incredible knowledge, taste, and skill are needed to effectively instrument a symphony, only those who have tried to write for an orchestra are aware. Yet how much of this sweetness and beauty is wasted on the majority of listeners! Some time ago I gave up in sheer desperation the Herculean task of tracing by ear the chords, modulations, and design of Wagner's music. But eventually I settled down with something like pleasure to observe the rich, masterly instrumentation, and found it quite convenient to ignore what appears to me to be the frequent inherent dryness of the music. And so on with Form, on which I must forbear to dilate. Obviously it is as important to know that a glee, a part-song, a chorus, or a madrigal differs from one another, as that a sonata differs from a fugue. In listening to any of these forms, to know what one is listening to is a help to know what to listen for. His interest in a fugue must be small who regards the first few measures as a sort of tuning up to which it is superfluous to attend, and who waits in vain for that clean-cut cadence,

that repose, it is the very business of the composer to avoid. If you wish to listen to a fugue, take pains to remember the subject, and watch for it all ways. If you wish to enjoy the first movements of a good symphony, hold the two or more subjects well in your mind, and strive to trace their transformations, and be ready for their return. A score of other matters crowd upon my thoughts, many of them less technical and more æsthetic, a branch of things to listen to I have not touched upon, but I must be satisfied with the inadequate suggestions I have made.

In conclusion, I would ask how many of us could give an intelligent account of an elaborate instrumental or vocal work on a single hearing? How many could describe noticeable modulation, harmony, rhythm, or even form without a laborious examination of the printed copy? To what end do many give hours of study to the mastery of details on paper and from books, and generally to the cultivation of the eye and faculty of calculation if but little of this knowledge is applied to listening? It is very little use to study and analyze the Sonata Form, if when listening we cannot distinguish the subjects, and follow the modulation and development. I know very well that many of you have limited opportunities of listening to much and good music, but surely all are periodically called upon to listen to music of some sort. My short paper is a plea to you to make the most of your opportunities. If you wish to be a musician and to enjoy listening to fine music, do not neglect a single opportunity offered to you. Make up your mind to listen for and to something. Don't listen to music and drink it in without an attempt at discrimination. I daresay some will be dismayed at the task I have ventured to set. I ask more from the humble musical student than is required by the literary world from many gentlemen who, combining a minimum power of musical discrimination with a maximum of sounding diction, contrive to be considered musical critics.

Music in Paris.

GROWING POPULARITY OF BERLIOZ.—LAST QUARTETS OF BEETHOVEN.

PARIS, 22nd Feb., 1876.

Anyone following the course of the Paris Concert Season cannot but be struck by the sudden popularity, posthumous and tardy, which has been conquered by Hector Berlioz. For many long years the man passed for a wild dreamer, a dangerous inventor of insensate theories and false doctrine. He was thrust away, hidden out of sight, and if any of his works were performed—and very few were—they rarely had adequate care bestowed upon their execution, and failed to fix public attention. How this has been changed I need hardly say. We have heard "Romeo and Juliette" at the Chatelet, "Hurdy," at the Cirque, and finally the lion's part in the two last concerts of the Conservatoire has been given to the "Damnation de Faust," perhaps the greatest of the master's works, unless indeed we consider "Romeo" as superior, which is doubtful.

Like the fine setting of Shakespeare's play, the "Damnation de Faust" was written rather for the concert-room than the opera, and has no need of scenery or costumes to render it complete. It is divided into three parts, the first two of which only were executed at the Conservatoire, and contain music for three soloists, Mephistopheles (baritone), Faust (tenor), and Brander (bass). Marguerite has no direct share in the action of the first two parts, a sufficiently strange arrangement, and one which might perhaps be taken exception to. There are thus, as it will be at once seen, very broadly marked differences between Berlioz's, "Faust" and Gounod's better-known masterpiece. The two great musicians have, however, not a little in common; indeed I would even say they have much, so much that at certain modulations, at particular passages, one might almost mistake Berlioz for Gounod. It would be going too far to impute the charge of imitation to the later composer, but nobody can help perceiving how considerably he is indebted to his half-forgotten predecessor, and how similarly certain points of Goethe's story have inspired both. Part I. commences with a long, rather wearisome, scene

for tenor. Faust is in the fields at daybreak alone. This, though powerful, suffers from the heaviness of the accompaniment, against which the voice has some difficulty in contending, and it is also marred by one or two vulgarities of instrumentation. We pass from this to a fine, very fine Dance and Chorus of Peasants, glowing with color, vivid as life, full of open, fresh melody, and admirably accompanied. A marked impression was made by this number, but the climax of enthusiasm was reached with the next, the grand "Marche Hongroise." This wonderful production carried all sympathies by storm, and, throwing aside every trace of its usual correct reserve, the audience rose with a spontaneous movement of admiration, and literally shouted its delight. The number was repeated. Again the same applause, the same tumult of enthusiasm. It is a noble page of music, this march. From the opening notes to the very end, it hurries you along with resistless force, making the pulse beat quickly and the breath come short and heavy with emotion. The whole thing is a genuine inspiration, intensely, painfully stirring, overwhelming; a work to excite the dullest, and make the poorest-spirited feel a hero for the nonce. From end to end it goes with a mighty swing. Towards the finish the drums give a suggestion of guns firing, at first dull and distant, then growing louder and louder, till we are verily in the midst of a grand battle scene, and, notwithstanding the difficulty of avoiding commonplace in "descriptive" music of this sort, the composer at no moment sinks below the heroic. Berlioz has scored the number in a marvelous way. The cymbals, drums, and trumpets are of course called into continual request, but the heavy instrumentation is managed with such consummate skill that it never impresses one disagreeably. Above all else, there is no sign of effort. M. Deldevez's band executed this number in a masterly fashion, attacking it with incomparable dash and boldness. I may remark here, by the bye, that an accurate idea of this "Marche Hongroise" can only be afforded by a very full and finely-trained orchestra. A small band spoils it. I heard it a few years ago, at one of the old concerts—Dané of the Grand Hotel, and, more lately, at the Chatelet. It had hitherto always struck me as merely noisy, and to some extent vulgar, but I frankly confess that the rendition at the Conservatoire has brought about a considerable change in my opinion, and I willingly render my weak tribute of homage to the genius of the man who could conceive so stupendous a work. Any musician might be proud of it, and perhaps none but a Berlioz could have written it.

The opening of Part II. corresponds with the first scene in Gounod's opera. We find Faust in his mysterious workshop, surrounded by all the grim symbols of his dangerous lore. Then comes a fine "Easter Hymn" for chorus, to which justice was scarcely done by the audience, and we are at length introduced to our old friend Mephistopheles, whose advent is heralded by a sudden stagey burst of music, smacking sadly too much of the trap-door, and sadly too much of his demoniac Majesty. Passing on, after a scene between Faust and Mephistopheles, and another for the same and Brander, Berlioz takes us to the Kermesse, with a spirited drinking chorus.

A quaint song of three stanzas for Brander follows, notable for its singular and uncommon accompaniment. A pause ensues, and the Chorus repeats Brander's air in the form of a mock-serious fugue. The effect of the basses breaking in abruptly after the strained silence is divertingly grotesque. From this we are hurried, something rudely, to another scene, between Faust and Mephistopheles (containing a fine air for the latter), and to a Chorus of Gnomes and Sylphs. And now ensues a very beautiful piece of composition. Faust sleeps, and Mephistopheles commands the obedient spirits to charm his slumber.

"Bercez, bercez son sommeil!"

Here again Berlioz has been happily inspired. The "Ballet des Sylphs" is one of the most elf-like, delicate bits of fancy conceivable. It is played by the muted strings, and the few short bars of which it consists have a strange, weird grace, wholly charming. With yet one more abrupt transition, we reach the final number of the Second Part, an astounding, bold chorus of Students and Soldiers. The selections executed at the Conservatoire did not extend further.

Speaking generally, I might say that the "Damnation de Faust" is a broad, vigorous, noble work. From the elimination of the female parts, it has of necessity a want of sweetness, an occasional excess

of richness, and perhaps a little monotony; but setting its failures against its beauties, the balance in favor of the last is so enormous that it seems incredible the work should be so rarely heard.

Sunday's concert at the Chatelet was highly interesting. The novelty, M. Duvernoy's "Fragments Symphoniques" (Romance; Scherzetto), is a creditable production. The Romance, finely harmonized, is, may be, a shade too uniform in tone. Of M. Lalo's Concerto for Violin, another item, mention was made on its first performance. M. Sarasati made a sensation at rehearsal by his admirable rendering of the composition, which he executed with all his accustomed refinement and charm. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by Lulli, was lately revived with great success at the Gaité, and the minuet was an exceedingly welcome feature in the Chatelet scheme. Wonderfully simple, it is marked by that mournful grace which appears so generally in the music of the older masters. We find repeated evidences of it in the writings of Lulli, Rameau, Boccherini, and others, all of whom possessed a peculiar beauty of their own which the moderns but seldom attain. Increased powers of instrumentation have killed the old simple art.

M. Maurel continues to win golden opinions at the Populaires. I must chronicle the success of a capital quartette company, the "Société des Derniers grands Quatuors de Beethoven" (1st violin, M. Maurin, of the Conservatoire; 2nd violin, M. Coblain; alto, M. Mas; and violoncello, M. Tolbecque). These four artists play admirably together, and without losing their respective individualities, succeed perfectly in subordinating them to the requirements of the execution. In conclusion, M. A. M. Auzende, a pianist of no little talent, gave a soirée musicale on the 12th inst., at which he performed one or two of his own compositions with happy effect. M. Auzende's playing is very bold, his touch good, and in bold music of the Brahms and Rubinstein school he is highly successful.—*Correspondence of London Musical Standard.*

History of Music by F. L. Ritter.

[From the London Guardian of Feb. 9.]

Though dedicated to the "young artists of America," we have good hopes that this volume will gain a wide circulation among the constantly increasing numbers of those in this country who have the best interests of music at heart. Voluminous as is the Continental literature which has gathered round the subject, we cannot recall to our minds any work in the English language, with the exception of Mr. Hullah's very interesting Lectures, which even attempts to occupy the ground over which Professor Ritter conducts us. Burney's *General History of Music*, published now nearly a century ago, and extending over four volumes, is valuable rather as a work of reference than as a text-book for students. Professor Ritter, who writes not merely as a historian, or as a theorist with some favorite ideas for which he seeks support, but who unites in himself the qualifications, so rarely found together, of a philosophical historian, a professional artist, and a large-minded critic, has succeeded in comprising within the limit of some 400 small pages of large print an account of the growth and progress of music in all its forms and branches from the Christian era to our own day. In this survey we find included a general sketch of the first beginnings of music in the Gregorian chant, the Folk-song, and the Troubadour song, the nationalization of the art, from the close of the fourteenth century onwards, in the Netherlands, in Germany, in Italy, and to some degree also in Spain and in England; the rise of the oratorio, and its history from the twelfth century to the nineteenth; the gradual development of the opera from its first invention in Italy to its treatment by Richard Wagner; the course of Catholic Church music from the austere simplicity of its infancy to its secularization under the influences of modern ideas; and, finally, the progress of instrumental music from the sixteenth century to the times of Berlioz and of Liszt. "My book," we quote from the author's Introduction, p. 11, "does not pretend to be an exhaustive history of music, but rather a friendly, and, I trust, a thoroughly reliable guide to incite and direct those musical students who feel the desire, the want of a deeper and more general knowledge of the growth and progress of their art than is common; to encourage and strengthen the talented striving one, in his unavoidably arduous labors and struggles; to point out to the timid and undeveloped the imperative and necessary duties of the true artist; to hold up a faithful mirror of art-life to the inexperienced, impatient aspirant for artistic fame."

In accordance with the design thus unfolded, we find appended to these lectures a carefully compiled index to

the literature of the subject under various heads, of which the following are some:—Ancient music; the general history of music; Church music; the Opera; Scientific, æsthetic, and Critical works; Biographies, Dictionaries, and Periodicals. Professor Ritter has therefore done his readers a twofold service. Not only has he brought within a small compass and skilfully arranged a vast amount of information which is of the greatest value and interest to all who care to understand how, and under what influences, and through whose labors, music, in the widest sense, has come to be what it is, but being well aware how, in the attempt to give an intelligible and comprehensive view of each important epoch, much must be sacrificed that nevertheless has a great scientific, or critical, or biographical interest of its own, he has placed within every one's reach a table of all the books that have been written upon the numerous branches into which the subject of music ramifies, so that unavoidable imperfections in point of fulness and of detail may be supplied and corrected according to the individual judgment and taste of the student. That this should have been done, and done so well, is much; and when we remember that the author is under the disadvantage, as he reminds us, of writing in a foreign language, we shall not be careful to go minutely into little blemishes in the style, such as occur, for example, on page 52, in the use of "feudal" for "feudal," or on page 291, where "was" is inadvertently written for "were," or in the repetition of the Americanism of "quite a number," where we might be content to read "many." Such small matters, however, in no way detract from the real worth and merit of the book, and we only allude to their existence in case Professor Ritter may think it well, in the event of a second edition, to clear it of such microscopic blotches. That, however, for which we feel grateful above all the rest, and to which we attach more importance than to all the merits of detail in which this *History of Music* abounds, is the noble and elevating spirit in which the position of music among the arts is vindicated. It would be difficult to decide whether music has been more insulted by her open enemies or by her self-constituted patrons and so-called friends. We can feel a certain respect for a man who dislikes music, and who says so. We cannot indeed sympathize with him; and we may think that he has missed one of the purest of life's pleasures; but we thank him, at any rate, that he is honest. But patience gives place to disgust—when we hear the indignities to which at the hands of many who conceived themselves to be musically minded, the nobility of music is but too often made subject. It really passes our comprehension altogether how an art which engrossed the whole energies of giants like Handel, Sebastian Bach, and Beethoven, into which they and others, their not unworthy fellow-laborers, breathed their highest and deepest thoughts, infused their sublimest aspirations, poured the changeable tide of their hopes and fears, their sorrows and their joys, how such an art can be seriously conceived of as being for the most part a natural and a pretty accomplishment for girls (who will remember to put it aside when they marry), as a drawing-room plaything, as a convenience to fill up the interstices of social vacuity and dullness! And to crown all, heaven save the mark! we find Offenbach throned high among "musicians," and all that is most vulgar and degraded in conception, most licentious and profligate in association and suggestion, most meagre and miserable in form, comprehended in one loud pean of praise and exulting upon every passer by from the pipes of the remorseless barrel, that, with the ape who so worthily attends upon it, mocks us from every street corner.

We fear that those who look upon music as a trick or a trade, a question of supply and demand, so many times for so much money, or, soaring a little higher, as a useful social accomplishment, within the call of any one who can afford a master, will hardly be at the pains to spend much time on Professor Ritter's volume. No one, we venture to think, could read his introductory remarks on the real nature of music as an art without being the better for them, and without gaining ever so faint a glimpse of the fact that art, born of religion, however she may be secularized by the influences among which she grows up to her full stature, yet tends ever to recall us to her parent source, and that it is at her springs that we best may slake that thirst, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier and nobler than can be found along the dusty paths of conventional everyday life. To return, however, to the book itself, there are one or two points we should like briefly to notice before we conclude. Professor Ritter begins his history with the Christian era, merely adding a few remarks on the music of the old world by way of an Appendix. In this we quite agree with him. It is true that the Gregorian chant, which is the basis of all the older Catholic Church music, is of pagan origin, and that St. Ambrose, and St. Gregory after him built on a Greek foundation. But the fact that harmony as distinguished from melody—i.e., a combination of notes as distinguished from succession of notes, was unknown before Christianity, and the further consideration that the freedom and variety and subtle power of expression which music has gained during its development are but the reflection, in the history of art, of the so-called modern spirit that has been working around us since the Renaissance, sufficiently justify the treatment of music as being as essentially a modern art as sculpture was essentially a Greek art. But even so music has, as it were, its ancient and modern history. Up to the end of the sixteenth century it retained, under the almost exclusive patronage of the Church, a grand austere simplicity. But the revival of the theatre in Europe, beginning with the religious plays, led the way for the gradual secularization of that music which had always played so prominent a part in the drama; and the invention about 1600 A.D. of recitative (p. 129 *et seq.*), which forthwith gave birth to the opera, transferred the sceptre from St. Cecilia to Apollo. The history of this change, and of the taking up of music into the many-sided, many-colored life of the modern world is admirably given

en by Professor Ritter, but we have no space to follow him; nor can we do more than call attention to what seem to us his just and discernible criticisms on Haydn, Gluck (whom, by the way, he always calls Gluck), Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn, his excellent remarks on the degeneracy of Church music, especially in Italy, and his suggestions for its improvement. There are many tempting passages which we should like to extract for the benefit of our readers; but if by omitting them we send those interested to the book itself, we shall not regret the omission. In conclusion, we commend to the consideration of amateur critics the following remarks, which may be found on p. 429:—

"A good ear and a general literary education are not guarantees enough to stamp a person as a competent critic, especially when the critic does not know how to compose, play, or sing. Placed between the artist and the public, the critic's office is to interpret to the latter those laws of beauty and poetical truth which govern the artist, and by this means to awaken a genuine interest for art, and with this a higher degree of intellectual art enjoyment."

*In regard to this criticism to which his attention has been called, Professor Ritter replies (in the *Poughkeepsie News*) as follows:

While I gladly accept the above hints by an able, courteous, and appreciative reviewer, respecting my Alsatianisms and Americanisms, I must at the same time observe, that the manner in which I have spelt the name of Gluck (without the accent over the letter u) is the correct one. The Paris and Vienna editions of his operas, published under his own supervision, invariably give the name as Gluck (not as in the German word Glueck or Glück, happiness),—as do also those facsimiles of his compositions which I possess, and all his autographs which have fallen under my observation.

F. L. RITTER.

Dr. Gauntlett.

Before this obituary notice is published most of our readers will have heard of the death of Dr. Gauntlett. He had entered his seventy-first year, but was still at all appearances full of life and health up to Monday last, when he returned from his afternoon walk, sat down in his study at Kensington, and passed quietly and suddenly from the world. The short biographical notice of Henry John Gauntlett which appears in *Men of the Time* is in every respect authentic. It reveals the strong and striving life making its mark in the musical history of the century. His birth and parentage, his many years' practice in the law, his later adoption of music as a profession, are the facts in his biography which give the key to his subsequent career.

The son of an English country vicar of the old school, he would naturally imbibe, with his first impressions of music, those scholastic tendencies, and that soundness and solidity which at least directed the literary efforts of Dr. Gauntlett. The business modes of thought he afterwards acquired in the law only confirmed his inborn English sentiments in favor of the morally genuine and human. He had a natural aversion to ultra-aestheticism and artificial forms of feeling. With him feeling had no source but in the plain heart of man; no true issue but in domestic and social affections. He was intolerant of the ecstatic, and barely tolerant of fancy in natures more delicate and effeminate than his own. The sorrows of Hagar would move him too deeply to allow his attention to be divided by the scenery of the wilderness. In that respect he at once parted from the poetical and picturesque aspirations of the newer generation of musicians. The intense Protestant feeling, rather than the realistic poetry, of Sebastian Bach was the attraction which led him early to the study of that master, the fibre of whose choral songs he worked up in his own psalmody.

But apart from sympathies and models, the ingrained characteristic of Dr. Gauntlett's writings in literature or music is strength. He was one of the few now remaining examples of the old type of British worthies, full of learning, common sense, vehemence, and dogmatism. It was a favorite scientific maxim of Dr. Gauntlett that "the big phrase went with the big pulse." He felt his own vigor and his natural responsiveness of feeling to the broad conceptions of the great masters in music. Just as he was impatient as a musician of the small refinements in the sentimental school, he as a man morally elbowed his way through adverse criticism, utterly unconscious that in pressing a strong opinion he was offending delicate susceptibilities. If some were offended by a vehemence of manner, others who knew him better found out what lay beneath the intellectual dogmatism which was on the surface; and that this was less a trait of character than a habit peculiar to the ancient type and branch of the church militant from which he seems to have sprung.

At the age of nine, young Gauntlett was organist

at his father's church at Olney, Bucks, when our ancestors were celebrating the final victories of Wellington. Many years afterwards, at a period which to most of us is still ancient history, Gauntlett was admittedly at the head of his noble profession as an organist. It was in 1836 he first turned attention to the improvement of the English organ. What he achieved in that direction is a matter of history; and some of the finest of Hill's instruments remain as monuments of Dr. Gauntlett's energy and scientific skill in supervising their construction. It was in reference to the organs of St. Peter's, Cornhill, and Christ-church, Newgate, that Mendelssohn made his well-known observation, that "but for him—Dr. Gauntlett—I should have had no organ to play upon. He ought to have a statue." Of the high opinion which Mendelssohn entertained of Dr. Gauntlett's abilities and learning there is abundant evidence in carefully preserved autograph letters of the composer.

The "Mr. Gauntlett" of Mendelssohn's letters was made Dr. Gauntlett by Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1842. About that time Dr. Gauntlett gave up the practice of the law, which he had followed since 1831, having been article in 1826. As a musical critic and theorist, Dr. Gauntlett's strong hand is manifest in serried columns of printer's type from the heyday of the *Sun* newspaper to within the last few weeks.

But it is perhaps in the pages of the *Church Musician*, a paper he established himself in 1850, and seems to have mostly filled with his own pen, that we must look for the innermost opinions of Dr. Gauntlett in the zenith of his vigor. He had studied church music, and especially English church music, profoundly. It was his own chosen ground; and whatever differences may exist in our several notions on so broad and grand a topic, we must acknowledge him to have been a guide and an authority in that section of musical literature; and we think there are few who will deny him a place as a composer of church music amongst the two or three in this century who have worthily continued the traditions of the school which dates from three centuries back, and is still our greatest glory as a musical nation. Almost at the hour of his death Dr. Gauntlett was officially engaged in furthering a scheme for attaching a chapel and choir to the new Training School for Music. The happy idea was his own, and when realized its author will be remembered.

Dr. Gauntlett was buried yesterday. Literary enmities his ardent nature may have excited are already forgotten.—*London Mus. Standard*, Feb. 26.

Where Wagner has Failed.

(From the *New York Arcadian*.)

Wagner states his object to be to create a school of opera which shall be entirely free from the absurdities and incongruities which have marked all previous productions in that line. Instead of, like other composers, making his drama subservient to music, Wagner sacrifices music to what he calls a poem; his object is to express as nearly as he can, in musical sounds, the impressions that would be formed in the mind of a musician who read a certain story; and each phase of feeling is desired to be appropriately expressed by a corresponding musical phrase. The principle is false to everything that we know of the powers of music: it was never recognized by any of the great classical composers. True, some of them sought to picture in sound the effects of Nature, but none ever attempted to make music express words. This, indeed, it cannot do. Its limitations end with the suggestions of emotions. Any person can prove this for himself by playing one of the most strongly characteristic phrases from *Lohengrin*, and asking half a dozen different people to give their ideas as to what the composer meant to express; the diversity of the views will be found to be something quite extraordinary.

The germ of Wagner's theory is not new. Gluck was the first man to rebel against the absurdities of the "Italian Opera," but while he sought to reconcile, as far as possible, the character of the music with the sense of the words, he never made the former subservient to the latter. Wagner asserts that Beethoven, towards the end of his career, recognized the fact that instrumental music was incapable of the highest form of expression, and that when he wished to attain the culmination of his grandest thoughts, in the Ninth Symphony, he was obliged to weld with his music the words of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." But this union of choral with instrumental music was no new thing with Beetho-

ven. His Choral Fantasia, written at a comparatively early period of his life, was constructed on precisely similar principles, yet, until the "Ninth Symphony," he never again began work on the same plan. Moreover, after the completion of the "Ninth Symphony," he wrote some stringed quartets, and had laid out the plan of another purely instrumental symphony. This does not seem as though the great master had recognized the incompleteness of what Wagner calls "music for the soul's sake of sonorous beauty."

Opera is the union of two arts, music and drama—each more or less complete in itself. In fact, music as an art must be considered as almost perfect. The auditor is not called upon to close his eyes to any absurdities or incompleteness, as he must in looking at a dramatic representation or at a picture. No one, we think, will deny that, as an art, the drama is far less perfect than music. Now a union between two arts, one of which is perfect, and the other very nearly so, can only be effected by a considerable sacrifice on the part of one or both. The question in operatic music is, which art shall be predominant? In the Italian school the drama was made entirely subservient to music which, was often ridiculously incongruous. The warmest supporters of Italian opera never denied this; but to them music was the chief point, and they never stopped to consider the absurdities of the dramatic situations—the violations of what we have been pleased to term the "unities." Wagner claims, and, of course, correctly, that for a man or woman to sing a long and tender love song when in the agonies of death is absurd; therefore he asserts, the nearer music is brought to the singer's actual feelings, the more perfect the composer's art. This sounds plausible, but if we push the argument to its logical sequence what follows? That he would be the most successful composer of opera who would dispense with music altogether. At no period in the world's history have men and women gone about singing their conversation to the accompaniment of an orchestra. If, therefore, operatic music is to be but an imitation of real life, it will cease to be music. The absurdities of opera cannot be obviated, and the world has for generations been contented to accept operas, because of the beautiful music which has been written in them, and because the union of acting, with music—no matter how inherently ridiculous—always awakens pleasurable emotions. Wagner has thought to do away with these absurdities by throwing his stories back into the myths of the German legends; consequently, his plots are, to a great extent, devoid of human interest, and utterly wearisome in the mangled version to which the necessities of the hours of representation, allotted to operatic performances in England and America, reduce them. What he has endeavored to do is, in his own words, to construct a tone-poem, composed of "music wedded to immortal verse." As he supplies his own verse, this expression is a fair specimen of Wagner's native modesty. But when we hear one of his operas, do we recognize this perfect wedding? We miss melody, form, and incident. In the place of these, we have an orchestra playing music of most involved, and, at times, of an ear-torturing character. That Wagner is, as far as power of orchestral scoring goes, one of the greatest, if not the greatest composer who ever lived, no sensible musician can deny. [Fudge.] His knowledge of the effects of combinations of instruments is wonderful; and, much as we may object to his chromatic progressions, and his violation of recognized harmonic laws, we cannot refuse our admiration to the ingenuity of his counterpoint (!) One reason why his music, clever as it is, fails to be agreeable to the ear, is that he does not write for the best parts of the compass of various instruments, but usually keeps them for the most part at one or other extreme of their registers. He pursues the same system in writing the vocal parts, and the consequence is, that while, like Verdi, he does not ruin voices by writing occasional exceptionally high notes, he does much more damage by keeping the voice continually on the strain. He has sought, also, to give to his orchestra the chief interest of the music, and has made the voices accompaniments to the instruments. Voices are, unfortunately, not instruments, and they will not stand, nor is it pleasant to hear them attempting to do so, being strained to sing subservient parts against the power of a very large body of instrumentalists.

If we call to mind the points of Wagner's *Lohengrin* that gained most applause when played here, we shall find a few simple melodies and the unisonal termination of duets constructed after the fashion of Italian opera, which, much as Wagner affects to

despise, he frequently employs. But these few glimpses of sunshine through the storm were only remarkable from force of contrast. After having had our ears continually strained by Wagner's peculiar harmonies, even the smallest and commonest piece of tune was delightful. How deficient Wagner is in melodic beauty anyone may easily see by playing on the pianoforte the "Swan Song" and the "Bridal Chorus" which were the most applauded numbers in *Lohengrin*; the latter will be found to be a commonplace "jiggy" kind of tune, which would not be at all unsuitable to a pantomime overture. Simplification is one of the best tests of the real value of music. Take any one of the symphonies of Beethoven, arranged for the pianoforte, and, though necessarily much of the gorgeous coloring will be lost, the inherent beauty of thought and form remains undiminished. Attempt to arrange one of Wagner's preludes or Titanic choruses for the pianoforte, and we see at once that whatever effect they produce upon us, as scored by him, is due to the intricacy of treatment, and not to any originality or beauty of fundamental conception. They are like a book written in the purest literary style (!) by one possessing an unsurpassed command of language, but who, unfortunately, has no thoughts of value to communicate.

Wagner's music has been forced into notoriety as much by his writings, as by his having obtained the patronage of the King of Bavaria. As an author, he has certainly great talent; but when his powerful pen is no longer wielded in attacking his critics and in defending his compositions, they probably will not be found to possess any great vitality of their own. There is scarcely an art which some enthusiasts have not tried to force beyond its proper limits. Many of them have found followers for a time, but their deaths have always been the signal for the gradual dispersion of their disciples. Within the last twenty years, we have seen in pictorial art pre-Raphaelism dawn, flourish, and decay. We have not forgotten the many attempts that have been made to tint or color statuary. In this, Gibson, one of the best English sculptors, was very successful, and for a time his novel ideas met with great encouragement and support. But even for years before his death he recognized that the attempt to transcend the restrictions of his art, by imitating the color as well as producing the form of nature, was false and unhealthy in principle, and he had the good sense to abandon it. That Wagner will become convinced that his efforts are not based upon sound principles we do not believe; he is the god of a small clique, and every one who does not recognize his powerful genius is, in his opinion, actuated by some religious or interested motive.

Lohengrin, as far as the story goes, is infinitely inferior to many of the German operas; and none will deny that, for melody alone, there are, we might say, hundreds that surpass it. What value, then, it should have, is as an exemplar of Wagner's theory of the perfect union of poetry and music. The test of the meaning of a musical phrase, to which we have alluded above, will prove conclusively how unsuccessful it has been in this respect. That Wagner has in Germany, and in this country, a large number of adherents is undoubtedly true; but of these, probably not more than one fourth really admire his composition, or would be able to give a satisfactory reason for so doing; while the remaining three-fourths pretend to like his music because they imagine that, by so doing, they prove their superiority in musical knowledge and subtlety of appreciation to those who fail to discover truth in his theories or beauty in his works.

JULIAN MAGNUS.

Music in London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus for the coming season, and we are glad to observe that he continues the new fashion of making that erstwhile vain-glorious and deceptive document as moderate in tone and business-like in character as possible. The director first of all announces that his establishment will open on Tuesday, March 28, with a performance, as on several previous occasions, of *Guillaume Tell*. No one will object to the choice of a masterpiece which combines with good music, scenic and other effect of the highest order, while the comparative insignificance of the principal female part evades all difficulty with *prime donne*, none of whom like to head a procession the honorable place in which seems to be behind. As regards the list of engagements, *Adieux* will, no doubt, rejoice to find that most of the artists who have done good service lately are still members of Mr. Gye's company. M^{me}. Adeline Pat. l., the absence of whom nothing could

make up for, returns to the scene of familiar triumphs, and with her come M^{lle}. Albani, M^{lle}. Thalberg, the youthful *débütante* of last year. M^{lle}. Bianchi, M^{lle}. Marimon, M^{lle}. D'Angeri, M^{lle}. Smeroschi, and M^{lle}. Scalchi. These names demand no comment, because their value in the prospectus every one can estimate. Passing to the gentlemen, we find among old acquaintances Signori Nicolini, Bolis, De Sanctis, Pavan, Piazza, Sabater, Bettini, Rossi, Marino, Graziani, Maurel, Cogni, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Clampi, Tagliacoe, Fallar and Raguer—a strong band, and perfectly able, in conjunction with their sister artists already named, to carry the season through. Nevertheless, we are sorry to miss M. Faure from the *troupe* of which he has so long been a distinguished ornament. It is true that M. Faure has engaged to appear under the auspices of Mr. Mapleson; and that his pupil, M. Maurel, will succeed him, but the change can hardly fail to be looked upon as regrettable. There will not, however, be one Frenchman the less at Covent Garden, M. Capoul having left the "other house" to go over to its rival. How far this event may compensate in public esteem for the withdrawal of M. Faure depends on the value attached to M. Capoul's services as a dramatic singer, about which curiously diverse opinions are entertained. Mr. Gye does heavy work during the season, and it is not surprising that he seeks to strengthen, from time to time, his normally powerful company. On this occasion he promises seven *débüts*, and holds out hopes of an eighth—that of Signor Gayarre, respecting whom rumor says much that is favorable. The new comers whom we are told to expect confidently are M^{lle}. Rosavalle, Miss Emma Abbott, an American lady of whom report speaks highly. M^{lle}. Froch, M^{lle}. der Synnerberg, Signor Conti, Signor Monti, and Signor Tamagno. About none of these does Mr. Gye say either a biographical or laudatory word, and we shall imitate his example by abstaining from any speculation as to their merits, while hoping that there may be good cause to give each and all a hearty welcome. With regard to the remaining *personnel* of the establishment, Signor Vianesi and Signor Beviliani will again be joint-conductors; a new dancer, M^{lle}. Bertha, will appear; Mr. Carrolius continues to act as *chef d'attnque*, Mr. Bettjmon, as leader of the ballet, and Mr. Pittmann as organist.

As no present and absolute necessity existed for the addition of new members to the company, so it may be a repertory of forty-eight operas made it needless to bring out unfamiliar works. But Italian Opera, even in its present condition, is not beyond the range and influence of musical opinion, and the director finds it politic to humor that opinion by offering a modicum of novelty. This year he mentions four works—Verdi's *Aida*, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and Rossini's *Mosè*; three of which he pledges himself to produce. We fail to see the reason for classing *L'Elisir d'Amore* among novelties; but, as that work is almost certain to be heard, one of the remaining operas stands a poor chance. Let us hope it is not *Aida*, which, for very shame, ought no longer to suffer neglect; while *Tannhäuser* has claims deserving consideration. Should these two be put upon the stage, Mr. Gye will have done his duty, and conferred no small lustre upon the season, especially as Madame Patti is promised in *Aida* and M^{lle}. Albani in *Tannhäuser*. With regard to *Mosè*, that opera, announced last year, is used to waiting, and may again be put off without serious injury. On the whole, there is ground for anticipating a busy and by no means uninteresting season at Covent Garden.—*Times*.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The feature at the sixteenth concert was a very striking performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the opening piece being a dry "Introduction and Fugue," from one of the orchestral *Suites* of Lachner—why brought forward at all it is difficult to guess. The *Te Deum* No. 1, composed by Handel for the Duke of Chandos (that in B flat), supplied with additional accompaniments by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, at once discreet and effective, was also a novelty to the audience; but the execution generally left much to desire, and the work, although here and there exhibiting Handel at his best, failed to make any strong impression. Professor Oakley's "Edinburgh March," composed on the occasion of the Royal Marriage, was the last instrumental piece; songs by Mes^{mes} Patey and Blanche Cole, which call for no particular remark, completing the selection. At the 17th concert (on Saturday) every amateur was pleased to hear once again Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Symphony in E minor. This, which had not been played at the Crystal Palace since 1866, would, it was hoped, be merely the precursor of other compositions of magnitude and importance from the same pen. Surely so beautiful a work, and the cordial reception it met with, should have urged on our young and gifted musician to fresh efforts in a similar direction. If Mr. Sullivan is apathetic, or indifferent, to whom may we now look for music of a high order, to do honor to our native school of art? Mr. Mann took every pains with the execution of the symphony, which, in all respects satisfactory, was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm. Among the remaining interesting features were the *MS.*, *Intermezzo* and *Scherzo* by another of our cleverest and most rising composers, Mr. Henry Gadsby, written expressly for the "British Orchestral Society," and first introduced to the public in the spring of 1875. We heard it again with unalloyed satisfaction, and were glad to find it so thoroughly liked and understood.—*Mus. World*, Feb. 19.

HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR. The first concert of the present season took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday

evening, the 17th instant, commencing loyally with Mr. Leslie's arrangement of the National Anthem. The programme contained a good and varied selection of unaccompanied part-music, in which the choir always appear to the greatest advantage, and though there may be good reason for occasionally varying the style of music performed, we always go to these concerts with some regret that Mr. Leslie should find such a course necessary. The programme of the 17th comprised (besides more modern things) four fine specimens of the old madrigals, viz.:—Wilbye's "The Lady Oriana;" Weekes's "As Vesta was from Latmos' hill descending;" Main's "O hear me, love;" and Savile's well known "Waltz," with which the concert ended. The performance of these madrigals, excellent as it was in many points, did not give us that complete satisfaction which we had expected; in fact it was *over-refined* [Query: "Dead perfect."—ED.]; we had beautiful pianos and crescendos, but no vigor, and not a single real forte, the nearest approach to one being at the conclusion of Weekes's "As Vesta," where the basses gave out the augmented subject, "Long live fair Oriana," with a power which set a good example to the rest of the choir, but unfortunately did not obtain a response from them. In addition to the above the choir sang a madrigal by Mr. Henry Leslie, "Charm me asleep," which is a beautiful specimen of part-writing, and being throughout in a quiet, dreamy style, was exquisitely sung; another madrigal by Pearsall, "Allan-a-Dale," of whose good and vigorous music we cannot hear too much, and we hope the first time of performance of this week by the choir will not be the last; and another madrigal, and one of the most beautiful, "Sweete flowers, ye were too faire," composed by the Thomas Attwood Walmisley of Cambridge.—*Mus. Standard*.

Music in New York.

MARCH 27.—At the fourth Symphony concert given by Theo. Thomas, at Steinway Hall, Feb. 26, the orchestra played Haydn's Symphony in G, (No. 15 of Breitkopf's and Haertel's edition),—a fresh and charming composition, which was given with all the perfection of ensemble in which this band is unsurpassed. Something of the naive and beautiful character of the work seemed to inspire the musicians, for they played as if they loved the music. Besides this they played Beethoven's overture "Coriolan," and a new Suite (No. 2, in F, op. 194), by Raff, which was received with great interest. The new Suite is remarkably well scored, and its execution was refined and spirited. It is divided as follows:

1. Au der Grenze—[Overture].
2. Auf der Fuzza—[Tänzerreel].
3. Bei einem Aufzug der Honved—[Marsch].
4. Volkstied mit Variationen.
5. Vor der Caarda—[Finale].

Mr. Wm. Mason, whose reappearance in the concert hall we note with pleasure, gave an admirable rendering of Mozart's Concerto in C, (Koechel 467), for piano and orchestra. A better performance could hardly be imagined. Mr. Mason played with precision and good taste, which was supplemented by a faultless orchestral accompaniment.

Saturday evening March 11, Fifth Soirée of the New York Quartette. The first selection was Mendelssohn's Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, op. 45, performed by Master Rietzel and Mr. F. Bergner. The pianist, to all appearances, is not more than twelve years of age and certainly showed unusual talent, getting through the piece very creditably and showing some insight into its meaning; but he had not the requisite digital force for its performance, which was, therefore, somewhat strained. The violoncello part was of course faultlessly rendered. Mr. Bergner being an artist unequalled in America.

Mr. E. Mollenhauer gave a careful performance of Tartini's *Chaconne*, for violin. He is an earnest and conscientious player, but he never succeeds in getting a good tone from his instrument. The programme ended with Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, op. 74. Miss E. F. Richmond was announced to sing Rossini's Aria, "O Patria" from *Tancredi*, and Handel's "Semele;" but, owing to indisposition, she did not appear, and another lady took her place.

During the past week we have been favored with three pianoforte recitals by Dr. Von Bülow, on only one of which was it my good fortune to be present. The Dr. has devoted the entire week to Beethoven, giving three evening recitals.

The programmes were as follows:

Monday, March 20.

Sonata Patetica, op. 13.
Adagio con variazioni, op. 34.
Sonata quasi fantasia, op. 27, No. 1, in E flat.
Sonata quasi fantasia, op. 27, No. 2, in C sharp minor.
Sonata, op. 119, in A flat.
Fantasia, op. 77.
Fifteen variations, fugue and andante finale on a theme from the Eroica Symphony.

Wednesday, March 22.

Sonata, op. 31, No. 2, in D minor.
Sonata, op. 109, in E.
Three Sketches from op. 119 and 126.
Rondo Capriccioso, op. 129.
Sonata appassionata, op. 57, in F minor.
Thirty-two variations on an original theme in C minor.
"Les Adieux. L'Absence et Le Retour:" Sonata Caractéristique, op. 81.

This was an evening of pure, unalloyed delight. Every one knows how Von Buelow interprets Beethoven's music. In rendering a Sonata he follows no traditions, accepts no rule, but is himself the rule and the standard. It would be useless to particularize respecting his performance on Wednesday evening. Every one of the selections was given in the best possible manner. The *Sonata Appassionata* which he has already played several times in New York, is a splendid example of his remarkable skill in crescendo effects and his wonderful use of the pedal. The programme on Friday evening, March 24, was as follows:

Sonata, op. 101, in A.
Grand Sonata, op. 196, in B flat.
Thirty-three variations on a Waltz of Diabelli, op. 120.
To which Dr. Von Buelow added the Sonata in E flat, op. 31, No. 3.

A matinee recital was announced to take place on Saturday afternoon, but owing to the illness of Dr. von Buelow it was postponed. Next week one evening will be devoted to Chopin, one to Schumann and Mendelssohn, and one to Schubert and Liszt.

At Theodore Thomas's fifth Symphony Concert, Saturday evening, March 25, the following selections were performed:

Suite No. 1, in C. (first time).....J. S. Bach
Aria: "O Fatima!" from "Am Hassan,".....Weber
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Symphony, No. 3—Eroica.....Beethoven
Concert Aria: "Hecuba," new.....Rubinstein
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Eine Faust Overture.....Wagner

The suite by Bach consists of an Overture, Forlane, Bourrée and Passepied, and is in no way inferior to the Suites Nos. 2 and 3, which have already been produced by Mr. Thomas. It was played with marvellous fire and precision. The performance of the *Eroica* Symphony was one of the best I ever heard. Miss Drasdil made an excellent impression in both Arias—particularly in that by Weber. The house was well filled, notwithstanding the stormy weather which prevailed. A.A.C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1876.

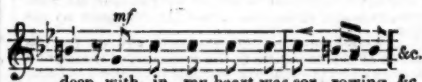
OUR MUSIC PAGES. The Part Songs in this number, are taken by permission from "German Part Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

"Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss."

This is the title of the Cantata by Sebastian Bach—the first specimen of its kind yet given in this country—which was performed at the last Harvard Symphony Concert. It is one of some 380 Cantatas which he composed for every Sunday and church festival for five years, mostly in the earlier period of his residence in Leipzig. This one, however, although it is one of the most elaborate and most beautiful, was an earlier composition, and dates back to the year 1714, when he lived in Weimar. It was composed for the third Sunday after Trinity, June 17; and the text has reference to the Epistle of that Sunday; nevertheless Bach wrote over it: "Per ogni tempo" (good for any time). These opening words: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," might be translated, with some resemblance to the sound of the original, "My heart was full of heaviness;" but the Leipzig Leuckart edition, from which it was here sung, has it: "Deep, within my heart was sorrowing," etc. The additional accompaniments of Robert Franz were used, consisting chiefly of two clarinets and two bassoons, besides an Organ part, whereas Bach's score has, besides the string quartet, only a single oboe, except in one number a horn, in another four trombones in unison with other parts, and in the concluding chorus three trumpets. It is of course impossible to give a satisfactory description of the work without musical citations; but we may briefly characterize its contents, which consist of eleven numbers: an instrumental prelude; four choruses set to words from the Bible, one of which has a Choral melody intermittently running through it: three Arias, two Recitatives, and a Duet.

1. A short *Sinfonia* in C minor, of a very tranquil, delicate and serious character, at once impassioned and resigned. The oboe and first violin alternate and imitate each other in liquid, long-drawn, florid passages, enriched by Franz with clarinets and bassoons, while the other strings and organ move below in broad, expressive harmonies; but it is the oboe that catches the ear as the chief singer in the mingled melody.

2. Chorus: *Deep within my heart was sorrowing and great affliction.* So it begins, Andante con moto, 4-4 measure; first the word "deep" is thrice exclaimed (in the German, "Ich,") and then the following motive:



deep, with- in my heart was sor- rowing, &c. is taken up, first by the Sopranos, then answered on the last eighth of the first bar by the Tenors one note higher, while the Sopranos carry it up to E, the Tenors again to F; then it drops in the Alto to A, the Bass echoes it in B flat, and so the marked and pregnant theme climbs and floats upward and downward by degrees of the scale, the four parts mingling in harmonious complexity, the instruments besides, developing into a rich and strangely fascinating web of melodies. Then the movement is arrested; two long chords on "But," followed by an animated Vivace, "Thou dost comfort me with all thy mercies," etc. Here the character is mostly Major; voices and instruments imitate and blend in long roulade passages of sixteenth notes, running in thirds and sixths, with very brilliant effect, ending with a quiet Andante, and with the major chord of C. This chorus is sure to win its way upon acquaintance; and none can sing it together long enough to feel at home in it without learning to love it.

3. A most beautiful and touching Soprano Aria (Andantino con moto), in which the melody is first sung through by the Oboe, with quartet accompaniment; in the original score there is nothing but oboe and figured Basso Continuo. The words are: *Sighing, mourning, sorrow, tears, etc., waste away my troubled heart.* The contrite and afflicted heart pours out its lamentations and its fears in a series of short, detached phrases, almost recitative-like, and yet so balanced, so symmetrical, so connected, that the melody is perfect. *De profundis clamavi.* The deep religious sadness of the strain, its thrilling tender pathos, is only equalled by its divine beauty. It gives the singer scope for most expressive accent, and admits of being sung somewhat *ad libitum*; at least the instruments should wait upon the singer. And yet it is all chaste, and healthy feeling, nothing morbid in it, as is ever the case with Bach.

4. The anguish and distress is carried to still more intensity of utterance in the Tenor Recitative and Aria which follows: *Why hast thou, O my God, in my sore need, in my great fear and trembling, so turn'd thy face from me!* etc. One of a thousand fine instances of Bach's eloquent recitative, (still in C minor), leading into the Aria in F minor (Largo):

Rivers of salt tears are flowing, floods are rushing evermore; o'er me waves and waters going, seas of grief that have no shore, overwhelm me, soul and body taking; mast and anchor all are breaking; I am sinking 'neath the tide; yonder hell is gaping wide, etc. These images suggest the movement to the string quartet, to which Franz has added clarinets and bassoons. Listen to these as they flow along with the voice in sympathetic sweet companionship, all pursuing the one persistent weeping melodic figure. But to appreciate the beauty of the song, which is wonderful in its way, requires something more than an amusement seeking hearer. One who listens in a light mood, not having studied the music and become penetrated with its spirit, will find it monotonously mournful and perhaps passing long as well as strange. But if you, too, need the sweet relief of tears, if you seek music out of the same inward need which with Bach found expression in this Air, you will the rather crave continuance of so heavenly a comforter. We can hardly expect that of audiences. We only know that no one who has any of the religion of music in his soul, can by study or repeated hearing become familiar with this Aria without feeling and acknowledging its beauty.

5. Chorus, in C minor. It begins with a few measures of *Adagio*, full of pathos, by the quartet of soli, repeated by the tutti on a higher degree, with more intense expression: *Why, my soul, art thou vexed?* Then a livelier movement (*Spiritoso*) starts off to the words: *and art so unquiet in me!* Four strong motives, rhythmically contrasted, are assigned to the voices, which with the instruments, forming so many "real" parts, pursue each other in Canon, or blend together, forming a most ingenious and most impressive web of polyphonic harmony. The unquiet hopes and fears of the human heart could hardly be more vividly expressed. Then follows a more tranquil movement for a few bars: *For I shall yet praise Him*, in which the soul seems to gather up new life and strength; and then (Andante con moto, C minor) a splendid closing Fugue: *For He is my glory and the rock of my salvation.*

Here ends the First Part, which is mostly sad and mournful, the music of a crushed and bleeding heart, yet finding hope in grief. The Second Part is full of assurance and of heavenly hope. It begins with:

6. Recitative and Duet for Soprano and Bass, which allegorically represent the Soul and Christ. Here, as in the Alto solo or chorus which open the second part of the Matthew Passion Music, and elsewhere, we meet a certain vein of the romantic which is characteristic now and then of Bach. The opening dialogue is most tender and expressive. *S. Ah Jesus, light divine, my sun, when wilt thou shine?—B. Fear not, soul, I am with thee.—S. With me? around is darkest night! And so on.* With the first words the violins climb slowly a whole octave from B flat, the dominant of the key, which is E flat major; at the allusion to *darkest night* they suddenly drop an octave and a half,—a marked and beautiful effect. Then follows one of the loveliest of duets, with long-drawn flowing melody, in 4-4 measure. Bach's score has only the Organ and Continuo for accompaniment; but out of these mystical figures, Franz has deciphered a full quartet with four reed parts. Words: *S. Come, my Jesus, with thy blessing.—B. Yea, I come, etc., fear yielding slowly and misgivingly to reassurance, until the rhythm changes to a lively Allegretto in 3-8, on the words: Ah Jesus, thy peace to my soul is returning, answered by: Away now, ye troubles, fly, sorrow and mourning, and then Da Capo.*

7. A Chorus of wonderful artistic subtlety and beauty, rich in harmony and rich in comfort. The movement is *con moto*, 3-4, the key G minor. A single Soprano begins: *O my soul, be content and be thou peaceful*, soon joined by a single Bass, a single Alto, which pursue their even way, when presently all the Tenors in dotted half notes begin to sing the first line of a Choral (*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt*

wallen), which Mendelssohn has introduced in his *St. Paul*. Intermittently, first a line and then a pause (as in the Organ *Vorspiel*) the choral is heard while the solo voices steadily pursue their way. Then the *tutti* swell the rich harmonious stream, and the Sopranos take the Choral. Finally four trombones reinforce the quartet; the Sopranos keep the Choral; the other parts still pursue the strain with which they began; but a new motive, a descending phrase of four eighth notes, continually appears in one voice or another, or in some instrument, lending a wonderful richness and exhaustless charm to the whole. Such a chorus, broad, deep, limpid and transparent, fills the soul with peace. What a delight it must be to sing in it when it all goes well!

10. Tenor Aria, F major, 3-8, Andantino con moto: *Rejoice, O my soul!—Change weeping to smiling, etc.* A buoyant, peaceful, blissful melody, with a delicate flowing accompaniment. As the instruments begin, you may be reminded of a song by Franz: "*Marie, am Fenster sitzend*."

11. The splendid final Chorus, upon the same text with that of Handel's *Messiah*. Here Bach's three trumpets come in with stirring effect. It is in C major. The words: *The Lamb, that for us is slain, to Him will we render power and glory, etc.*, are declaimed by all the voices with stupendous and startling modulations. Nothing could be more exciting and full of grand presentiment. As each deliberate phrase rings out, you seem to hear the echoes in the pause that follows. Then the time changes to Allegro. A solo Bass voice declaims: *Power, and glory and praise be unto His forevermore, lengthening out the Amen, Allelujah in florid roulades, while voice after voice (soli) take up the theme and pursue the Fugue. Presently the tutti join them, first in one part, then another, until the whole mass is drawn into the harmonious vortex, and amid stirring trumpet calls, it surges on to a higher and a higher climax, and the whole ends in a blaze of glory, almost too suddenly, you think, although the musical matter has been fully treated and exhausted. It is truly a sublime conclusion to a noble work.*

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The tenth and last Symphony Concert of the eleventh series, which took place on the afternoon of Thursday, March 16, had the most interesting programme of the season, and the largest audience. It was unusually long, to be sure, but, with comparatively few exceptions, the audience sat through it more than patiently. Seldom have we heard so much satisfaction so generally expressed.

1. Passacaglia, in C minor, Organ work, arranged for the Orchestra by H. Esser.....J. S. Bach
2. Canons, for three Soprano voices (*repeated by request*).....Hauptmann
a. "Tu sei gelosa." b. "O cari boschi."
c. "Su, cantiamo." d. "Ah, tu sai."
3. Symphony, No. 1, in B flat, op. 38.....Schumann
VOCAL, BY THE CECILIA.

1. **Cantata per Ogni Tempo. "Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis," for four Solo voices, Chorus, Orchestra and Organ.....J. S. Bach
2. **Motet: "Laudate pueri," for Female Choir, with Organ.....Mendelssohn
3. Finale to the First Act of "Euryanthe" (second time).....Weber

This division of the programme was suggested in order that the chorus might be off the stage during the performance of the first part (conducted by CARL ZERRAHN) and allow a more convenient seating of the orchestra. The two orchestral works were well performed, especially the B-flat Symphony by Schumann, which promises to hold its place as one of the great Symphonies of the great classical period, and which we have seldom heard interpreted by any orchestra with more fire and precision. The three little Canons by Hauptmann formed an agreeable *entremet* between the Passacaglia and Symphony. They were sung, as before, by Miss CLARA DORIA, Mrs. F. P. WHITNEY, and Miss IFA WELSH, and made a very charming impression, though they were hardly given with the same exquisite nicety as before, particularly the first one.

In the second part Mr. LANG took the baton, and the members of the Cecilia, who had carefully rehearsed with him, were grouped together more compactly in the centre of the platform than before. The tenors and basses, still inferior in number and in volume to the sopranos and contraltos, were not so widely separated, and in consequence they were

more distinctly heard. We think the best success achieved by the Cecilia as yet was in their rendering of the Bach Cantata, of which we have given a very inadequate description above. The orchestra was well subdued, so as not to overpower the voices, the tempi were well taken, and the instrumentation for the most part was delicately and effectively produced. The choruses had been carefully studied, and in spite of the strangeness of the task to many in the first rehearsals, were sung *con amore*, with precision, spirit, and good light and shade. This was particularly the case with the third chorus, which contains the Choral, and with the brilliant and inspiring Finale. The quartet of soli, which occurs in two of them, was satisfactorily given by Miss DORIA, Mrs. JENNY NOYES, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, all of the Cecilia, and Mr. JOHN F. WINCH. In the solo arias and recitatives the place of honor belongs to Miss Doria, who sang the pathetic Air with oboe obligato in the true Bach style and feeling, with fine artistic execution, clear, pure, telling voice, and heartfelt, chaste expression. Still more enjoyed, apparently, was the Duet with Mr. Winch, in which both sang admirably. Mr. Osgood had the most difficult and, under the circumstances, in such a place, before so large an audience, so unaccustomed to such music, the most thankless task of all. But he is probably much more at home in Bach's music than any other of our tenors, and he understood the work. The recitative: *Why hast thou, O my God, was well declaimed*; and the long Aria itself was sung with fervor, and in passages requiring the best part of his voice with beauty and intensity; the indistinctness of his low tones was the chief drawback; nor was his organ generally at its best; continual teaching and a succession of colds impaired its freshness and its freedom. The second Air: *Rejoice, O my soul!* was more successful. Mr. G. W. SUMNER did good service at the Organ.

And what impression did the Cantata make? Good enough upon the whole, we think, to justify the risk of introducing it, and to give promise of better yet in this sort for the future. Yet of course there will be all shades of conflicting testimony, from those who found it mournful, slow and tedious, to those whose deepest sensibilities, both musical and spiritual, were strongly drawn to it and charmed with it. We safely say that it was enjoyed precisely in the degree (1) of each individual listener's acquaintance with the music and with Bach in general, and (2) in proportion to each one's depth of nature and of moral experience. There were many in whose hearts those serious, yet serene, sustaining harmonies found warmest welcome; and there are many among cultivated music-lovers, and even some uncultivated, who, the more they become acquainted with Bach, the more do they enjoy it, love it, and find peace and health and comfort in it beyond any other music. It is the music that will wear best of all. All true musicians come to this acknowledgment. Certainly it is the farthest possible from all that we call sensational music; and it can hardly be expected that it will be much enjoyed by those who are taken off their feet by the dynamical excitements of the works of Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, etc., whatever incense each of these, in one way or another, may have seen fit to burn before the shrine of good St. John Sebastian, not to be ignored by aspirants in Art, however different the crown they seek.

The Motet by Mendelssohn—one of the three he composed for the nuns of Trinità de Monti in Rome, is a pure and pleasing composition, which served well to show the beautiful ensemble of the female voices in the Cecilia, and their refined, expressive execution. It has a second movement, a Terzetto (adagio): *Beati omnes*, in which the three solo voices are presently joined by the three-part chorus.—The fresh, bright, charming finale from *Euryanthe*, with its buoyant, simple choruses of peasants, answered by manlier strains of knights, proved as delightful as before; Miss WHINERY sang the blissful florid soprano solo very beautifully, and the brief quartet was finely sung by Miss Whinnery, Miss Morse, Dr. Langmaid and Dr. Bullard.—So ended one of the richest and most varied concerts of our winter. We have yet to sum up the whole season.

THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA. The two extra concerts given in the Music Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evening, March 14 and 15, were but moderately well attended, especially the first, the "Liszt and Wagner Night," which fact goes some way to show that the "new music" has not after all the most attraction. The first part of that concert con-

sisted of Liszt's "Prometheus," a Symphonic Poem, followed by a series of choruses, solos and quartet to words from Herder's poem. The Symphonic Poem, or Overture, was about the most thankless music we have listened to for many years. As for beauty we could find none in it, nor any meaning. The only thing it seemed to suggest, in connection with its title, was the gnawing vulture and the groaning victim, and this seemed helpless, hopeless, endless. The vocal portion contained more variety, some tantalizing signs of promise here and there, and some even beautiful effects, many which were very curious and striking, such as the chorus of the Dryads, and that of the Gleaners and Wine-dressers. The opening chorus of Oceanides excited hopes continually baffled. But most of the others,—Tritons, Spirits of the Lower Regions, chorus of the Invisibles, and the concluding chorus of the Muses, were for the most bizarre, extravagant and straining for effects unheard of, sometimes positively unmusical and disagreeable. There was no fault to find, that we are aware, with the singers; the Sharnland Choral Society, the soloists (Miss E. E. KENDRICK, Alto, and Mr. REMMERTZ), and the Temple Quartette, all did their part as well as could be expected. But we are sure that Music would lose all its charm for us if all music should become like that.

The second part of the programme comprised the Introduction and Finale to *Tristan and Isolde*, and "Wotan's Farewell" (Mr. REMMERTZ) and the "Magic Fire Scene," from the Walkure, works of Wagner which have become somewhat familiar here.

The second concert was in refreshing contrast to the first. Beethoven never fails and this was purely a Beethoven Night. First came an altogether beautiful and admirable performance of his first Symphony, heard here for the third time this winter. Then, —after a good rendering of his dramatic Trio: *Tremate, empy*, by Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Mr. W. J. WINCH, and Mr. REMMERTZ—Mr. Thomas gave us, in contrast with the earliest Symphony, the last, the Ninth with Chorus. Both orchestrally and chorally it was one of the most finished performances of that great work that we have ever had here; and yet there have been one or two occasions (Handel and Haydn Festivals) when some parts of it have come out more inspiringly and grandly. Mrs. FLORA E. BARRY completed the Quartet of solo singers.

HERE, by some strange miscalculation of space, we are suddenly cut short, and must reserve the rest, including Mr. Lang's two interesting concerts, for future notice.

WELLESLEY, MASS.—The new female College in this place appears determined from the start to establish for itself a high musical character. Mr. Charles H. Morse is the Musical Professor, who has two assistant teachers: Miss E. Randall (Piano), and Miss Louise Gage (Vocal music). They have one of Chickering's best grants for concert use, and expect soon to have an excellent three-manual Organ. A series of six classical Piano-Forte Recitals, by the best Boston artists, was most successfully initiated on the 11th of February by Mr. Hugo Leonhard, whose interpretations of the following programme were enthusiastically received:

Aria and Gavotte.....Bach
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57.....Beethoven
"Kinderszenen," [Scenes of Childhood].....Schumann
Preludes, Op. 29, Nos. 17-16, 1.....Chopin
Etude, Op. 25, in A flat, No. 1, 1.....Chopin
Capriccio, Op. 33-2.....Mendelssohn
From "Kreisleriana," Op. 16, Nos. 6-1.....Schumann
Songs without Words, Nos. 23-48.....Mendelssohn
Scherzo, in B minor, Op. 20.....Chopin

The programme of a concert by the pupils [March 3] is remarkable for the absence of all trashy music.

Overture to Lodoiska. [4 hands].....Cherubini
Sonata in E. Op. 14-1.....Beethoven
(Air à la Bourée.....Handel
) Albumleaf.....Kirchner
Souvenir for Elise.....Beethoven
Duet: "I would that my Love,".....Mendelssohn
Rondo in A.....Haydn
Sonata in A.....Mozart
Song without words, No. 48.....Mendelssohn
Song: "Across the far blue hills, Marie,".....Marston
Scenes from Childhood.....Schumann

Overture to Egmont. [4 hands].....Beethoven
"In the Woods".....Gade
Song, "A Bird Sang in a Hawthorn Tree".....Hattori
Kinderstuecke, Op. 72-5.....Mendelssohn
(Prelude, No. 1.....Bach
Sicilian.....Schumann
Versteckens, Op. 85-10.....Schumann
Aria: "O, rest in the Lord".....Mendelssohn
Waltz, in D flat.....Chopin
Choruses:
a. "The Joy of Youth." [Euryanthe].....Weber
b. Evening Song.....Rink

FARMINGTON, CONN. The 75th and 76th concerts at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School took place, under the direction of Mr. Karl Klauser, on the 9th and 10th of March. The executants were: Dr. Leopold Damrosch, violin; Mr. Frederick Bergner, violoncello; and Mr. F. von Inten, piano. These were the programmes:

- I.
Trio—Piano, Violin and Cello, G, op. 112.....Raff
1. Rasch, froh bewegt. 2. Sehr rasch. 3. Maessig langsam. 4. Rasch, durchaus belebt.
Etudes Symphoniques—Piano, C Sharp Minor, op. 13, Schumann
Sonata—Piano and Violin, G, op. 30, No. 2. Beethoven
Elegie—Violoncello Solo.....Reblich
Trio—Piano, Violin and Violoncello, C Minor, op. 66, Mendelssohn

- II.
Suite—Piano and Violin. E, op. 11.....Goldmark
1. Allegro. 2. Andante sostenuto. 3. Allegro ma non troppo. 4. Allegro moderato quasi Allegretto. 5. Allegro molto.
Prelude and Fugue—Piano. E minor, Notre temps, No. 1.....Mendelssohn
Dolorosa—Sonata quasi Fantasia, Violin Solo with Piano accompaniment.....Pietro Locatelli, [1702-1764].
1. Molto Largo, Lento, Allegro ma non troppo. 2. Aria.
Sonata—Piano and Violoncello, G minor, op. 5, No. 2, Beethoven
1. Adagio sostenuto e espressivo, Allegro molto più tosto Presto. 2. Allegro
Trio—Piano, Violin and Violoncello, E, No. 4 Haydn
1. Allegro moderato. 2. Allegretto. 3. Finale, Allegro.

Musical Libraries.

Of circulating musical libraries, like Schubert's or Schirmer's in New York, Flaxland's in Paris, Novello's in London, and many others, where anybody can subscribe by the month or the quarter, and take out two or more volumes, according to the amount of his subscription, we have as yet none in Boston. We have not heard of a circulating musical library on the Mudie-Loring principle being undertaken anywhere. It would be a great blessing to many of our music-lovers, especially to those who devote themselves to four or eight hand piano-forte playing, or to part singing, if some such establishment could be set on foot in Boston. But what Boston—and, if we mistake not, most of our great American cities—still more needs is a good library of reference; a place where the musical student can find trustworthy editions of the works of the great masters, both classic and modern. The institution that ought to take this matter in hand would seem to be the Public Library. The Harvard Musical Association has a fine library of over two thousand volumes, which is kept in the association's rooms in Pemberton Square; this collection (which is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the country) is rich in works of the old Italian and English masters, and almost complete in the works of German masters of the classic period, but it is very poor in works of the post-classic period. Besides, it is a private collection, open only to members of the association. The Boston Public Library has some few volumes of music: the scores of Sebastian Bach's works in the great Breitkopf and Haertel edition, some few of Handel's scores, the scores of some of Mozart's symphonies, and one volume of Carissimi's oratorios; other full scores we have not been able to find; there are also some piano-forte scores of choral and dramatic works of Beethoven, Bennett, Gluck, Gounod, Haydn, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Weber [notably the French edition of the Freischütz with Berlioz's recitatives, which is a curiosity], and some few piano-forte and organ works of Liszt, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, and one or two others, but the meager scattered collection, in no way approaching to completeness. Of Allegri, Astorga, Baltazarini, Cavalli, Durante, Frescobaldi, Graun, Guglielmi, Adam de la Haele, Hasse, Hans Leo Hassler, Jomelli, Joquin des Prés, Lulli, Marcello, Monteverde, Palestrina, Pergolesi, Rameau, the two Scarlattis, Stradella, Spontini, Cherubini, Halévy, Auber, Boieldieu, Hérold, Bargiel, Brahms, Berlioz, Max Bruch, Gade, Goldmark, Félicien David, Massenet, Raff, Reyer, Rheinberger, Saint-Saëns, and Wagner, there is not a note in either form. For the Boston Public Library to keep a collection of piano-forte music, or piano-forte arrangements of choral or orchestral works, for public circulation would be ridiculous. Also the wear and tear that piano-forte music, either bound or in sheet form, is liable to, is immense. But the case is very different with a standard library of reference, a collection of the full orchestral and choral scores of the principal ancient and modern masters. As such works are, in general, very costly, these scores should not be allowed to go out of the library, though everybody should be free to consult them there. In cases of urgency, for instance, if any one should wish to make a piano-forte or organ transcription from some work, he might be allowed to take it home, "by special permission," as is the case with books marked with an asterisk in the Bates Hall catalogue. Now that our

public schools are giving so much attention to music, and that conservatories and special music-schools are springing up on every hand, it is more than probable that the number of music-students will largely increase. As matters now stand, there is no opportunity for the music student, especially for the student of musical history, to pursue his studies otherwise than by the aid of text-books. Such a thing as studying the great masters (either old or new) through their works is out of the question. This is to a great extent true with the other arts, but there there is more excuse for it. The works of the great painters cannot be reduplicated, and really fine plaster casts are not so easily obtained; but orchestral scores are just as easy to get and keep as any other books are. And he it remembered that it is only through their full scores that composers can be really studied to any purpose; piano-forte transcriptions are extremely useful in their way, in lead to the special pianist; they may be technically interesting, but they are of little value to the general music-student. Would it not be well for those who have the needful powers to take this question of a musical library into consideration?—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Composer and Publisher.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Well, Dr. Slim, what have you brought me?

DR. SLIM.—I have brought you a symphony, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Symphonies don't pay. What key?

DR. SLIM.—C sharp minor, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—C sharp minor don't pay. Why not major? Why the lesser third?

DR. SLIM.—I have arranged it, Sir, for four hands, Sir, on one pianoforte.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Four hands on one pianoforte don't pay. Can't you arrange it for two hands on four pianofortes?

DR. SLIM.—No, Sir—not without transposing it half a tone lower; and then it would be difficult for the two hands, unless one hand was Arabella Goddard's and the other Hans von Buelow's.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—That's out of the question. Hans says Arabella plays like a wax automaton; and Arabella says Hans plays wrong notes by the wax dozen. That won't pay.

DR. SLIM.—Will you print the full score, Sir?

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Full scores don't pay. What have you got in your left hand?

DR. SLIM.—A cantata, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Cantatas don't pay. The subject, if you please?

DR. SLIM.—A martyrdom, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Martyrdoms don't pay. Can't you write a ballad, like Arthur Sullivan, or Diehl, or Cowen, or Frederick Clay?

DR. SLIM.—No, Sir; but I could try and write one like Disley Peters.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Oh! That would never pay, because nobody would sing it.

DR. SLIM.—Then, Sir, what am I to do with my symphony and cantata?

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Bonfire!—they won't pay.

[Exit Dr. Slim.]—*London Musical World*.

Aesthetic Publisher and Commercial Composer.

[From the Same, March 11.]

PUBLISHER.—I shall be glad, my dear Sir, to bring out some work that will tend to elevate your reputation, and maintain the character of my house.

COMPOSER.—Blow my reputation!

PUBLISHER.—Fye, my dear Sir; remember your promise to compose a new symphony for the directors of the Crystal Palace.

COMPOSER.—Blow the directors of the Crystal Palace!

PUBLISHER.—Softly, my dear Sir; you surely have not forgotten your undertaking to compose a new dramatic cantata, on Lady Godiva, for the approaching Birmingham Festival?

COMPOSER.—Blow the Birmingham Festival!

PUBLISHER.—Let me remind you, my esteemed Sir, that you must do something to redeem the promises of your youth.

COMPOSER.—Blow the promises of my youth!

PUBLISHER.—Then I despair of you, my respected master. I would never have entered into an agreement to take all your compositions, had I known that you intended to abandon works of high art.

COMPOSER.—Blow works of high art!

PUBLISHER.—Your object may be to make money. Mine is to publish for posterity.

COMPOSER.—Blow posterity!

PUBLISHER.—Then I fear we must part. I have a duty towards the musical world to perform, and I must relinquish you to the care of my more commercial brethren.

COMPOSER.—Blow your duty to the musical world, and bless your more commercial brethren!

[Exit Composer, indignantly;—Publisher sighs, and returns to the study of the score of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.]

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Must we then meet as Strangers? For Alto. 3. F to d. Thomas. 40

"Can we then meet, as strangers, When we recall the past?"

A great success is this fine song, which is in this form accessible to Alto or Baritone Singers.

Beware! Take Care! 4. Eb to g. Gilbert. 35

"She is fooling thee."

Always,—always,—when she pleases. Long-fellow's "warning" with yet another fine musical rendering.

I had a Dream last night, Maggie. Song and Cho. 3. G to e. Knight. 30

"She gently rests: She gently rests."

These soft words constitute the chorus, and the whole is placid, sweet, soothing music. Words by Sophie May.

Faintly flows the falling River. 3. Db to f. Rexford. 30

Percival's well-known words, with a new musical setting.

Punch! Brothers, Punch! Song and Cho. 2. F to f. 30

"A blue trip-slip for an eight cent fare.

Punch in the presence of the passengere."

Here it comes! Buy it while its hot, and let the cheerful conductore take his varied fare, 'mid the chorus of the passengere. The compositore, (modest merit) does not reveal his name.

Come back to de Ole Plantation. Song and Cho. 2. F to f. Danks. 30

Easy and pretty serio-comic song.

Daintiest Lass of Tralee. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to d. Christie. 30

"Fairly one with the sweet rosebud mouth,

As the breezes that blow from the south."

A dainty and taking song in popular style.

Sacred and Secular Quartets for Male Voices.

By H. M. Dow.

- No. 1. Te Deum Laudamus. 30
2. I cannot always trace the way. 35
3. Consolation. 30
4. Beware! 35
5. Vocal March: The Trumpet calls. 60
6. Drinking Song: Fill your-glasses. 40

These are some of the "successes" of the famous Temple Quartette, and sure to be effective. Of about the 3d or possibly for finest effect, the 4th degree of difficulty. Nos. 2 and 3 are also arranged for mixed voices.

Instrumental.

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Another "boat club" galop. A fine piece.

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A stately and elegant Schottisch.

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Pure classical music.

Cushing Guard Quickstep. 3. Bb. Milliken. 30

A powerful bright thing to which the "Guard" must march, march, march with the greatest satisfaction.

Pilgrim Chorus from "Tannhauser." Spindler. 40

For 4 hands. 3. E.

For 2 " 4. E.

Elegant and graceful, as Spindler's music must be.

Cuban Dance. 4. Db and Gb. G. D. Wilson. 50

Skilful adaptation of the weird Cuban airs.

Maple Leaf Waltzes. 3. M'Adam. 50

A tasteful name for attractive music.

Invitation a la Polka. 4. Eb. Bendel. 2 hands 60

4 " 80

In Polka form, and is a brilliant and elegant piece, in either form. Suitable for an exhibition piece.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

